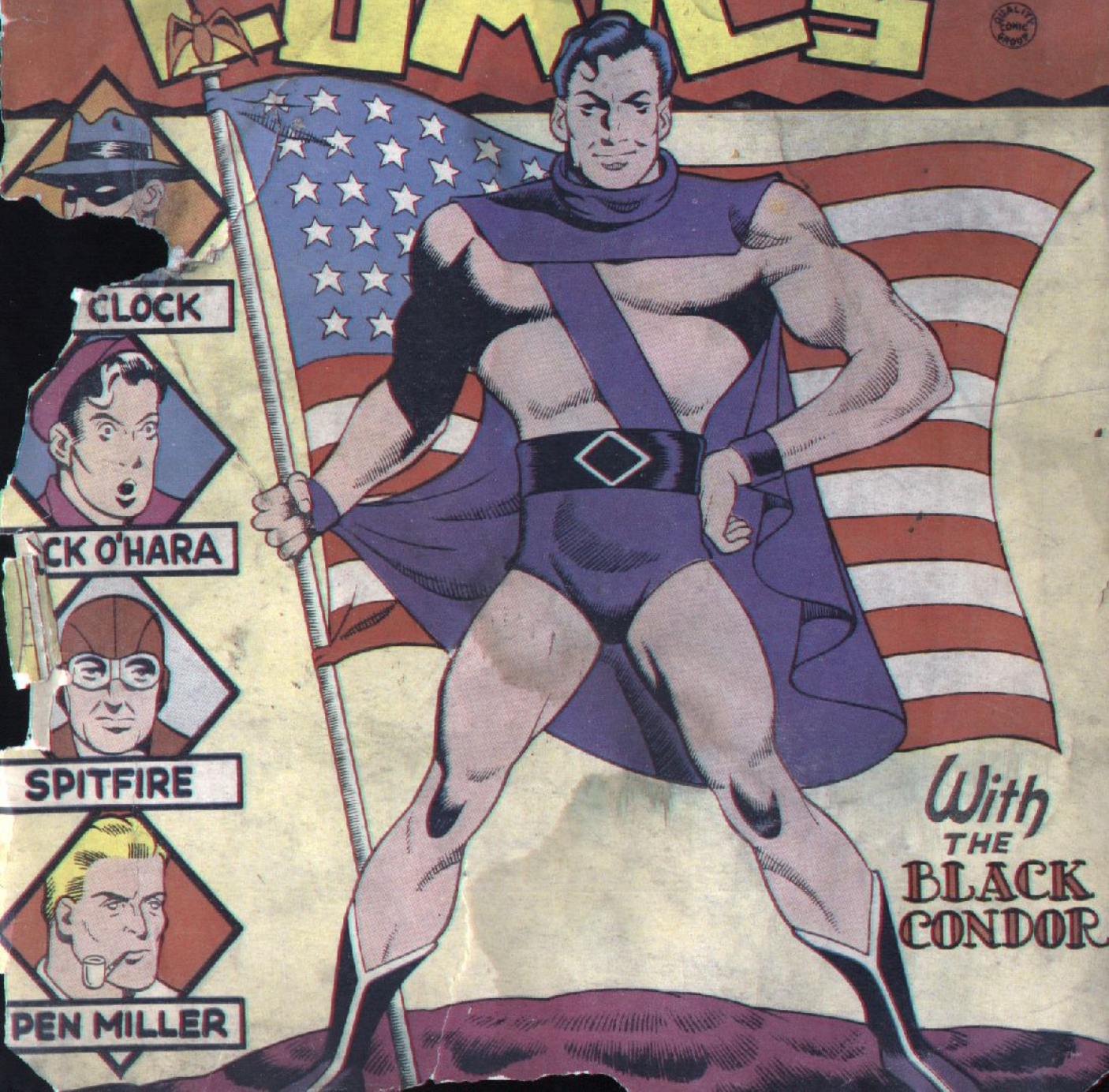


NOVEMBER

No. 26

10¢

CRACK COMICS



CLOCK

CK O'HARA

SPITFIRE

PEN MILLER

With
THE
BLACK
CONDOR



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS

(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L. He's full of ideas



I just finished knitting this scarf to send.

I'm sending my train set. I repainted it like new!

EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D. She's a true patriot



Do you all pledge to buy Defense Stamps every week?

Count me in!

I promise!

IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)

MEET TOMMY R. That boy does everything well!



A double jack-knife! Gosh!

Give him this Tootsie Roll. He'll need extra food-energy after all this!

EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty . . . he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.

UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose — give you quick food-energy.

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

1¢ AND 5¢

TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!

The winner in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsies than any other candy!

GUARANTEED PURELY
GUMMIES BY
Good Housekeeping
INDEPENDENTLY
TESTED

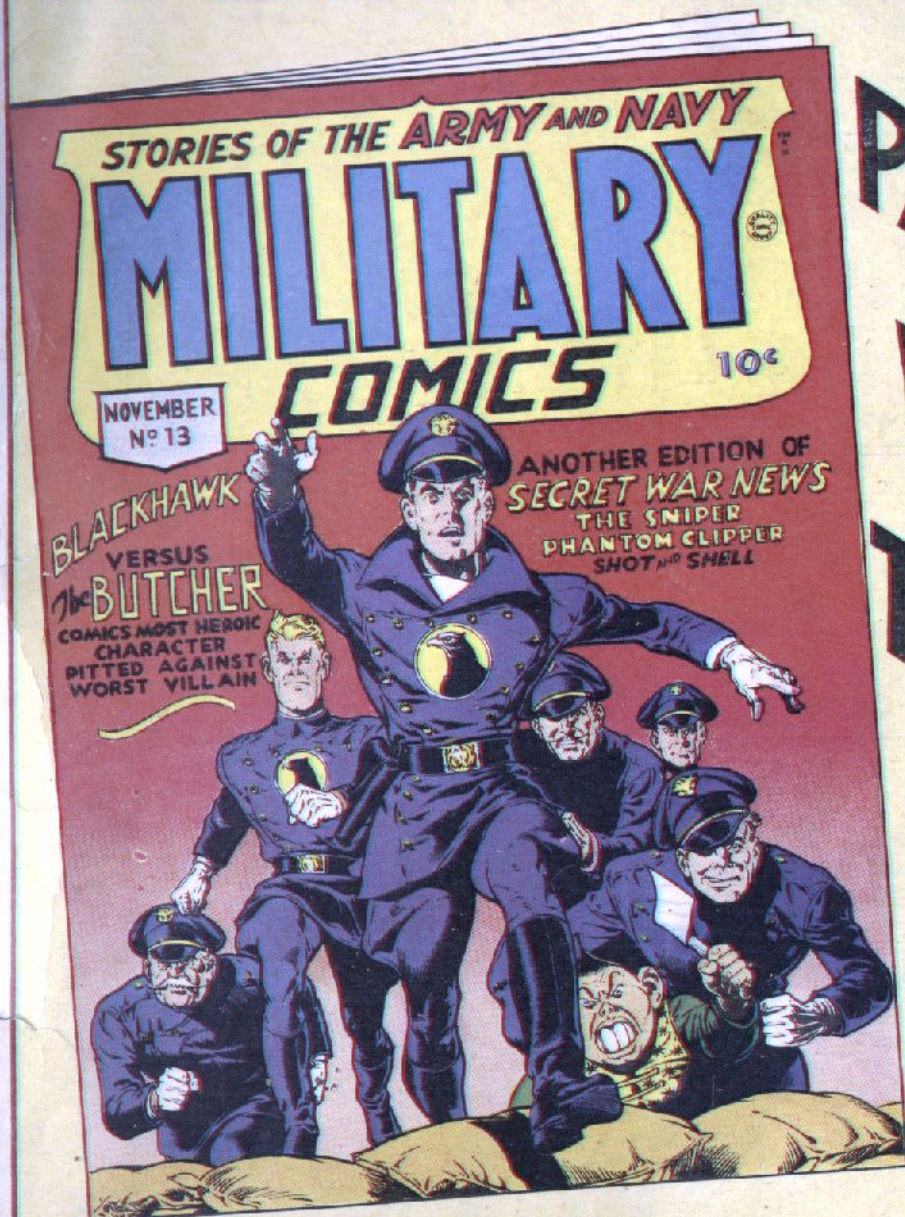


Only
TOOTSIE POPS
have a Heart!

Fruity Outside — but with Chewy Tootsie Roll Inside. Only 1¢.

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY — Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy

A BELL RINGER!



PACKED
WITH
THRILLS

FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

HERE IT IS!

POLICE COMICS 10¢

NOVEMBER
No. 13



THE SPIRIT



MANHUNTER



CHIC CARTER



#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



RUBBER
Salvage
COLLECTION



Starring
**PLASTIC
MAN**
THE INDIA RUBBER
WIZARD WHO
BOUNCES, BENDS
STRETCHES, SHRINKS

WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS
!

TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT
Plus MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

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East is East...
AND WEST IS WEST,
AND A LONG TWISTED
MURDEROUS TRAIL
LIES BETWEEN. ALONG
THIS TRAIL HAS BEEN
WRITTEN A HISTORY...
AYE... A THOUSAND
HISTORIES! TRAGEDIES
HAVE UNFOLDED BY THE
SCORES, AND HOPES HAVE
SOARED SKYWARD LIKE
AN EAGLE... ONLY TO
FALL CRUSHED TO THE
GROUND...

YES, MANY ARE THE
STRANGE SAGAS WHICH
COULD BE TOLD TO YOU
BUT WE CHOOSE TO
TELL ONLY ONE, AND
IT IS AN AMAZING
STORY THAT STRETCHES
FROM THE WHITE DOME
OF WASHINGTON TO THE
RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF
MONGOLIA... AND A MAN
WHO HOPED TO SMASH
FOREVER THE DARING
MYSTERIOUS CRIME-
FIGHTER KNOWN TO YOU
AND ME AS...

The BLACK CONDOR

I'LL SEE YOU
TOMORROW, TOM
DEAR... I'M TOO
TIRED TONIGHT
TO SIT OUT
AND CHAT.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
WENDY... I'M
WORKING ON SOME
STUFF FOR THE
SENATE COMMIT-
TEE, AND I'LL
HAVE TO GET
SOME SLEEP
ANYWAY.

HO... HUM... AWFULLY
WEARY TONIGHT...
GUESS I'LL
SLEEP LATE
TOMORROW!

WENDY TURNS...AND IS FROZEN
IN HER TRACKS AT THE SIGHT
WHICH GREET'S HER IN
HER BEDROOM!



AGILE AS A CAT, THE MONGOLIAN
HILLSMAN PICKS UP THE GIRL
AND MAKES HIS WAY FROM THE
ROOM...



The
HORRIBLE
SIGHT IS TOO
MUCH. BLISSFUL
UNCONSCIOUSNESS
SWEEPS OVER
HER.

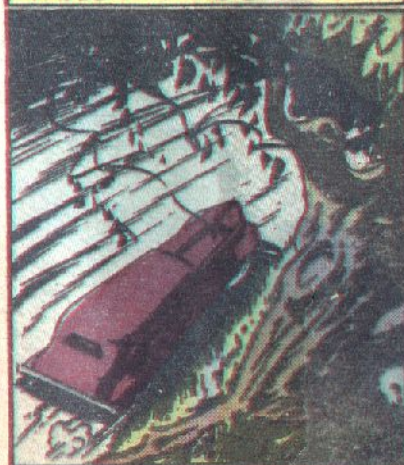
OOOOHH!



YOU'VE DONE
WELL, SOCKA.
LET US BE OFF!



A POWERFUL MOTOR ROARS
SMOOTHLY, AND THE SEDAN
FADES INTO THE BLACK NIGHT.



WENDY, I...!
WENDY..! SHE'S
VANISHED!.. GONE!
UH?...WHAT'S THIS?





I HATED TO GET YOU UP AT THIS HOUR, TOM... BUT I'M SURE YOU SEE THE IMPORTANCE OF IT. FRANKLY I'M WORRIED STIFF!

I AGREE WITH YOU, DOCTOR FOSTER... YOUR DAUGHTER'S ABSENCE ISN'T EXACTLY A JOKE!



I WAS RAISED IN MONGOLIA, DOC. I DON'T WANT TO WORRY YOU, BUT THIS CLOTH IS WORN BY THE FIERCE HILLSMEN OF THAT COUNTRY!

THEN... YOU MEAN..



EXACTLY THAT! WENDY HAS BEEN CARRIED OFF BY ONE OF THEM. WHY? I DON'T KNOW? WHERE TO? I DON'T KNOW THAT EITHER!



THE PHONE! WHO COULD BE CALLING ME AT THIS HOUR!

I'LL TAKE IT!



NO, THIS ISN'T DOC FOSTER. IT'S TOM, WRIGHT!

AH, THEN THAT'S BETTER. LISTEN CLOSELY, MR. WRIGHT!



I'M FAR AWAY NOW! AND YOU CAN NEVER TOUCH ME. IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT I'M TAKING THE FOSTER GIRL TO A NICE RESORT IN MONGOLIA!

HA! HA! HA!

IT WAS JASPAR CROW! HE HUNG UP!

WHAT ABOUT WENDY, MAN?! WHAT DID HE SAY ABOUT HER??

MY LITTLE GIRL... MY LITTLE GIRL! WHAT WILL THEY DO TO HER??

NOTHING MUCH, DOC!... IF THE BLACK CONDOR CAN HELP IT!



THE MILD-MANNERED SENATOR WRIGHT IS NO MORE... IN HIS PLACE STANDS ... **THE BLACK CONDOR!**

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO!! WHAT TO DO!!



I'LL FIND HER, DOC!! I'LL FIND HER, IF I HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY GREVIGE OF MONGOLIA... IF I HAVE TO SWEEP THE SEVEN SEAS... AND I WON'T REST UNTIL I DO!



SECONDS LATER, AND THE MAN WHO WAS RAISED BY A CONDOR IN THE BLEAK HILLS OF MONGOLIA IS WINGING HIS WAY BACK TO THAT FORBIDDEN LAND.



OVER THE VAST PACIFIC, HE GRACEFULLY ZOOMS, NEVER ONCE LOSING SIGHT OF HIS COURSE...



THE HOURS PASS QUICKLY, HE LEAVES THE BLUE PACIFIC BEHIND AND SAILS OVER LAND.

NICE MORE THE UNTAMED MOUNTAINS WITNESS THE SIGHT OF THE FLYING HUMAN... THE MAN WHO WAS RAISED BY BIRDS... ONCE MORE HE GAZES ON FAMILIAR SIGHTS WITH A DIFFERENT FEELING. THIS TIME HE SEEKS OUT A KILLER!



HOME, AT LAST, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

A BIRD...THEY'VE
KILLED A BIRD...
AND IT'S A
CONDOR!

A
FRIEND IS
NEVER FOR-
GOTTEN
AMONG THE
CONDORS
AND THEY
FLOCK
JOYOUSLY
AROUND
HIM...

GREETINGS, MY
FRIENDS... IT IS GOOD
TO SEE YOU ONCE MORE!

WHAT
TH!!

THEN HE KNEW
I WAS COMING!

WARNING
TO BLACK CONDOR...
THIS IS WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TO YOU...
J. CROW

NOT ONLY DID JASPAR CROW KNOW THAT
THE BLACK CONDOR WOULD COME, BUT THE
EVIL LITTLE MAN HAS SET A TRAP FOR HIM

A SIXTH SENSE WARNS
HIM... AND THE BLACK
CONDOR BARELY ESCAPES
A SUDDEN DEATH...!

NOT THE BEST OF
COMPANY TO HAVE...
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
POLISH THESE
LADS OFF!

CRACK



The
TRAIL
OF
THE
VICTORS
LEADS ALONG
PATHS NEVER
BEFORE
TRAVELED
BY THE
WHITE
MEN... DEEP
INTO THE
VAST MON-
GOLIAN
MOUNTAINS
AT THE TOP
OF THE
WORLD...





HMM... HOW DID I EVER LET THIS HAPPEN.. HERE I AM ALL TRUSSED UP LIKE A STEER!!

AH!! THE CAGED BIRD HAS COME TO.. TAKE HIM TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE!



HEH! HEH! I HAVE WON, BLACK CONDOR! THINK OF IT! JASPER CROW HAS DEFEATED THE BLACK CONDOR!.. DEFEATED HIM IN THE BLEAK HILLS OF HIS BIRTH.. ..MONGOLIA!



AND JUST WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, CROW?

YOU'LL SEE.. HEH! HEH! JUST WAIT TILL THE EAGLES BEGIN PLUCKING YOUR FLESH AWAY. I WANT THE GIRL TO HEAR YOUR SCREAMS!



AND HE'S NOT KIDDING.. THOSE MOUNTAIN EAGLES CAN CLEAN A BODY UP IN TWENTY MINUTES.. GOTTA THINK FAST!

BUT JASPER CROW FORGOT ONE THING.. THE BLACK CONDOR WAS RAISED WITH THE MIGHTY CONDORS.. AND THEY ARE LIKE BROTHERS. DOWN THEY SWOOP TO BATTLE FOR THEIR HUMAN FRIEND!

THE MOUNTAIN EAGLES ARE FIERCE, BUT THE RAGE OF THE CONDORS MAKE THE FIGHT BLOODY, DECISIVE AND BRIEF!



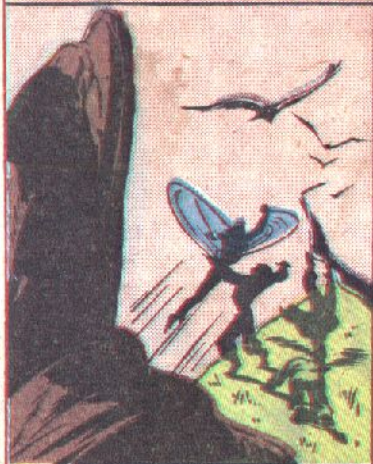
OF ALL THE BIRDS, CROW IS SURELY THE DUMBEST. IN ANOTHER MINUTE I'LL HAVE HIM EATING HIS WORDS!

THE RUGGED HILLSMEN SEE THEIR PREY FREED BY THE BIRDS, AND INSTANTLY THEY LET LOOSE A HAIL OF STONES AND BULLETS...

GOT TO WAIT MY CHANCE.. IF ONE OF THOSE ROCKS HIT ME!.. GOODBYE!.. BUT... HERE GOES!



KNOWING THAT HE MUST MOVE SOON...OR DIE, THE BLACK CONDOR ATTACKS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!!



THE SITUATION...AND THE BEATING...ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE HILLSMEN TO COPE WITH... THEY DASH OFF TO SAFETY WITH THE ANGRY CONDORS IN FULL PURSUIT



at THAT MOMENT NOT FAR AWAY WENDY FOSTER HAS LONG SINCE THOUGHT THE BLACK CONDOR DEAD, AND SHE PASSES OUT IN A FAINT.. WHILE JASPAR CROW READIES HIMSELF FOR HIS FINAL ACT OF REVENGE!



BUT FATE HAS A STRANGE WAY OF SHAPING DESTINIES. A FIGURE FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR, GRABBING THE DEADLY WEAPON.



YOU'RE TOO LITTLE TO FIGHT, CROW.. SO I'LL JUST BRUSH YOU OFF WITH AN EASY CLOUT!



NO! NO! THE BLACK CONDOR IS DEAD! THE EAGLES KILLED HIM! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MEN DON'T COME BACK TO LIFE!.. AND TOM WRIGHT.. WHAT'S HE DOING HERE!..



THE BLACK CONDOR!... THEN... YOU'RE NOT... NOT...

EASY, MISS FOSTER... YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE!...

BUT WHERE IS JASPAR CROW AND THOSE AWFUL MEN?

THE HILLSMEN ARE GONE! AND CROW HAS ENTERED THE GATES OF THE FORBIDDEN PLATEAU...

BUT WHY DON'T YOU GET HIM?... HE MAY ESCAPE!

ESCAPE?... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... NO MAN HAS EVER ENTERED THE FORBIDDEN PLATEAU... WITHOUT DYING THERE!!

BUT WHY DID JASPAR CROW BRING ME TO MONGOLIA?

IT'S A LONG AND CRUEL STORY, MISS... IN HIS MAD ATTEMPT TO DO AWAY WITH TOM WRIGHT, HE THOUGHT BY BRINGING YOU TO MONGOLIA, I WOULD FOLLOW!

I STILL CAN'T SEE WHY HE CHOSE THIS STRANGE LAND!

YOU SEE, THIS WAS MY BIRTHPLACE... CROW FOUND THAT OUT IN SOME WAY AND WANTED TO SLAY ME IN THE SAME SPOT MY PARENTS WERE KILLED... A MAD, FANTASTIC IDEA!!!

BUT OUR STORY DOESN'T END YET... THERE IS STILL JASPAR CROW...

AS THE SETTING SUN CASTS SHADOWS OVER THE FORBIDDEN PLATEAU, THE BABBLING VOICE OF A MAN TURNED INSANE BY HIS OWN EVIL, ECHOES AGAINST THE CANYON WALLS "EAST IS EAST... AND WEST IS WEST."

HEH! HEH! I'M GOING BACK TO KILL TOM WRIGHT... I'VE KILLED THE CONDOR AND THE GIRL... I CONTROL THE UNITED STATES SENATE... I'M JASPAR CROW!

YES... I CONTROL THE SENATE... I CAN MAKE OR BREAK MEN. GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE, JASPAR CROW ADDRESSES YOU... I'VE COME BACK FOR REVENGE!... I AM JASPAR CROW!

ANOTHER DIFFERENT AND THRILL-GRAMMED STORY OF

THE BLACK CONDOR

IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF

CRACK COMICS

DON'T MISS IT!

Another exciting episode of The Black Condor in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

SPITFIRE

A. McAllister

AT A FLYING FIELD IN NORTHERN AUSTRALIA

I'VE CHOSEN YOU FOR A SPECIAL MISSION, TEX!



ALL THE PILOTS WOULDVE VOLUNTEERED BUT I NEED A MAN WITH EXCEPTIONAL FLYING SKILL AS WELL AS COURAGE-----



THE BRITISH AND NATIVE TROOPS HOLDING THE ISLAND OF LUTANG WILL FOLD UP UNLESS SUPPLIES CAN BE FLOWN IN TO THEM----!!

THAT'S MY JOB, EH--



YOU'LL FLY ONE OF THOSE MARTIN B-26'S... SAM CHILDS WILL FLY THE OTHER ONE, SO YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY...

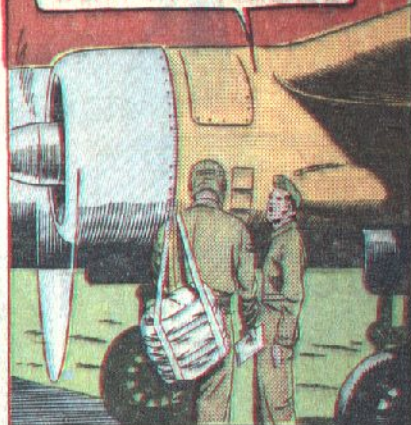


I HEAR WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE, TEX !!

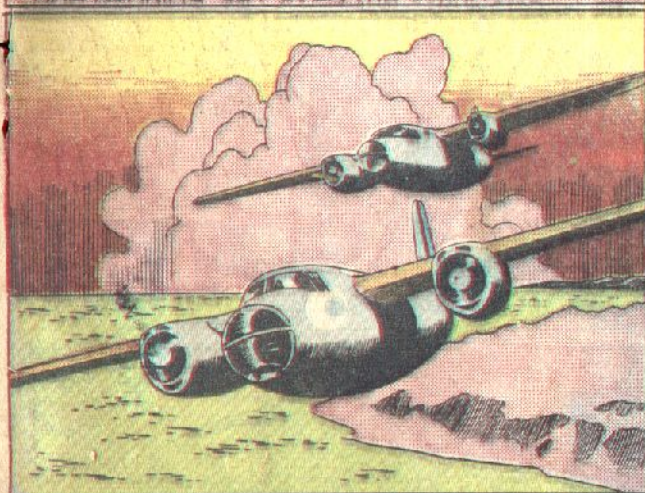


ALL SET TO GO, CHUCK... GET YOUR CHUTE, I'VE CHECKED ON THE WEATHER AND OTHER STUFF.

BOTH SHIPS READY TO TAKE OFF SIR... ALL THE SUPPLIES HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY STOWED ABOARD... THEY WON'T SHIFT AROUND !!



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE TWO FAST PLANES ARE ROARING OUT OVER THE OCEAN.....



I FEEL PRETTY SAFE FROM ANY SURPRISE ATTACK FROM THE REAR WITH SAM CHILDS AS WING MAN... HE'S ONE OF THE BEST!

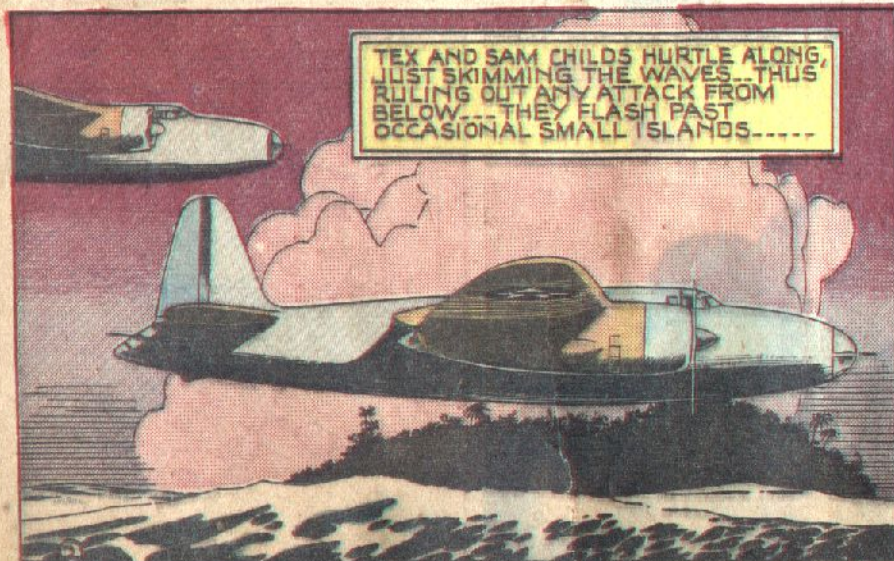


KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, HOWEVER, WHEN WE NEAR LUTANG, SARGEANT. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT PLANES THE JAPS HAVE THERE !!



RIGHTO, SIR

TEX AND SAM CHILDS HURTLE ALONG, JUST SKIMMING THE WAVES... THUS RULING OUT ANY ATTACK FROM BELOW... THEY FLASH PAST OCCASIONAL SMALL ISLANDS.....



AND, THEIR PASSING PLANES ARE SEEN FROM ONE OF THESE ISLANDS.....

TWO AMERICAN PLANES PASSING POST 5... HEADED IN DIRECTION OF LUTANG.....!!



WE SHOULD SIGHT LUTANG
IN TWENTY MINUTES,
CHUCK---

NO SIGN OF
ANY JAP
SHIPS OR
PLANES YET!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

LUTANG ISLANDS
COMING UP, BOYS--
STAND BY YOUR
GUNS---WE'RE
GOIN' IN FAST---!!

THE TWO PLANES ROCKET
ACROSS THE WATER AT
A TERRIFIC CLIP---350 M.P.H.

THERE THEY ARE--
SOME JAP SMALL
BOATS !!

HURDLING THE SURPRISED JAPANESE, THE TWO PLANES
ROAR DOWN THE NARROW HARBOR----

OKAY, SAM--UP 'N OVER---!!
THE BRITISH TROOPS ARE
HOLDING THE HIGH PLATEAUS
ON THE ISLAND--THE JAPS
HAVE THE BEACHES---

...BUT NOT ALL THE JAPS
ARE CAUGHT UNAWARES

THEY WELL IN TRAP
NOW--TO LATE TO
TURN BACK--RADIO
OUR PLANES!

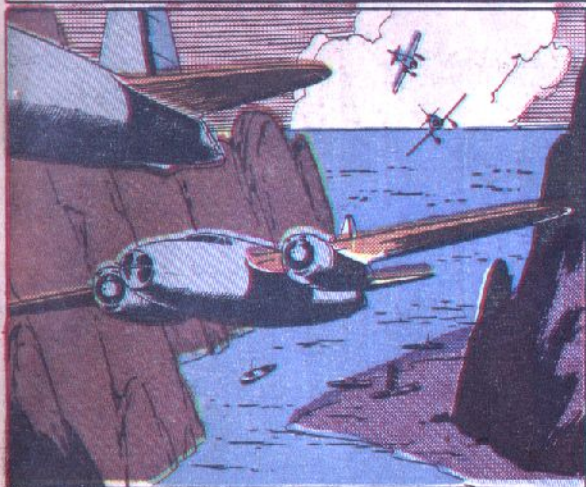
---AND HIGH ABOVE LUTANG, THE
JAP PLANES RESPOND----

OKAY, TEX--
I'LL FOLLOW
YOUR LEAD!

THE TWO B-26'S DRONE STEADILY UPWARD
TOWARD THE TOP OF THE ISLAND'S CLIFFS,
UNAWARE OF THE PERIL BEHIND THEM---

SUDDENLY-----

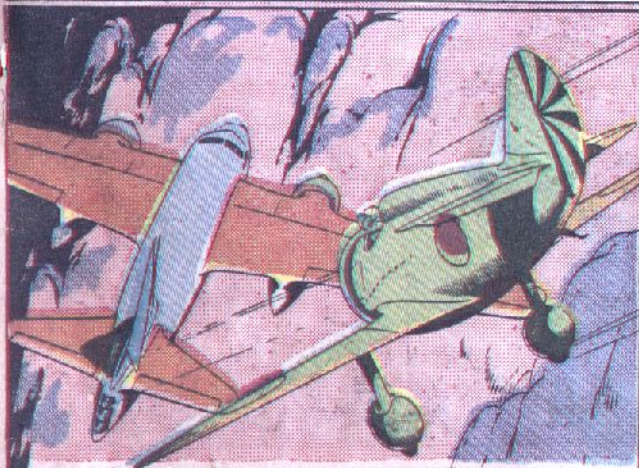
TEX...JAP TROUBLE
COMING DOWN ON OUR
TAILS---!!



HOPPING OVER SAM CHILD'S PLANE, THE JAP
LEADER SWINGS DOWN ON TEX'S SHIP---AND
RUNS INTO A BLAST OF FIRE FROM THE TAIL GUN

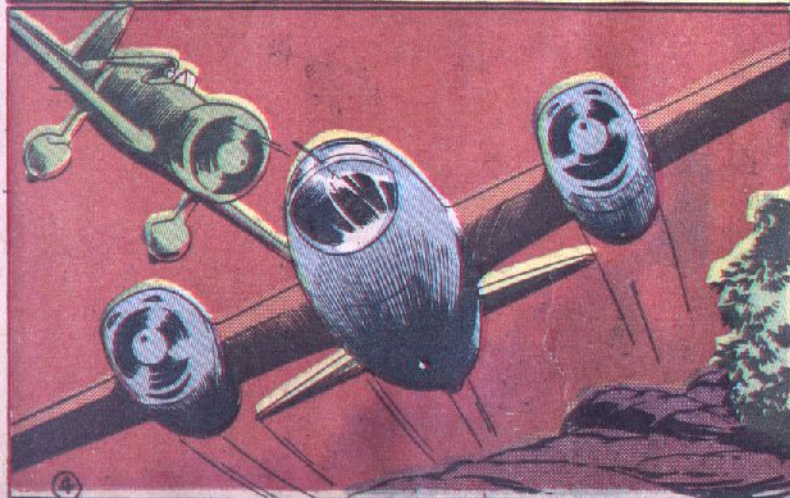
SAMURAI---!!
ME ON FIRE---!!

---AND GOES CAREENING
AND BLAZING INTO THE
ROCKY CLIFFS----



---BUT AS TEX ROARS "OVER THE HUMP", ANOTHER JAP
COMES IN AND HITS THE PORT ENGINE----

OH FINE, THAT'S ALL
WE NEED!! ---A
DEAD MOTOR!!



WE'RE GONNA HAVE
A JOB GETTING OUT
OF THIS, CHUCK ---- !!



TEX SLAMS THE CRIPPLED PLANE INTO
A DIVE DOWN AMONG THE CLIFFS



MAYBE WE
CAN SHAKE
'EM OFF THIS
WAY!



THE BIG BOMBER ROARS DOWN THROUGH
THE NARROW, TWISTING CANYONS AT A
DIZZY SPEED ----



HELLO, TEX... COME OUT,
COME OUT, WHERE
EVER YOU ARE... I'VE
DROPPED MY SUPPLIES
AND I'VE GOT ALL THE
JAPS FOLLOWING ME
OUT TO SEA TRYING
TO CATCH ME ---- !!



WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF TEX
HEADS FOR THE PLATEAU
ONCE MORE ----



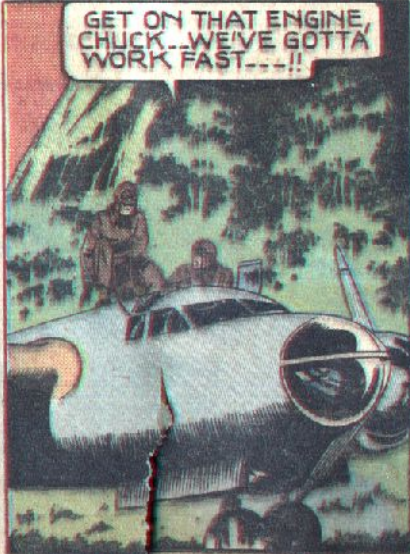
GOOD OLD SAM...
I'LL BUY HIM A
STEAK DINNER
FOR THAT FAVOR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ----

BLIMEY... 'E'S GONNA
LAND 'ER... WHAT A
NERVE... WITH ALL
THOSE JAP PLANES
AROUND ----



GET ON THAT ENGINE,
CHUCK... WE'VE GOTTA
WORK FAST ---- !!

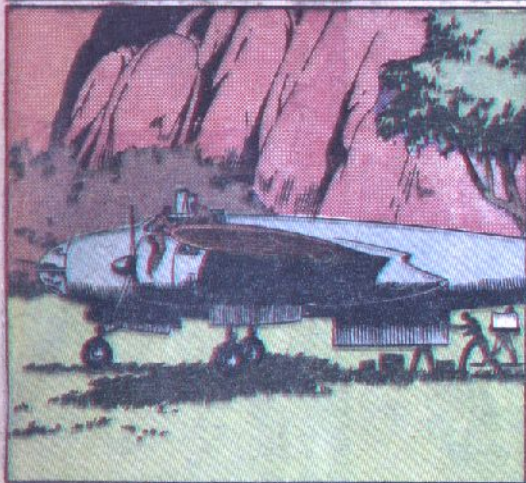


GET THOSE SUPPLIES
OUT, BOYS... WE
THOUGHT WE'D
DELIVER THEM IN
PERSON INSTEAD OF
DUMPING 'EM OUT BY
PARACHUTE ---- !!

WE'LL 'URRY
GUV'NOR!



WHILE THE PLANE IS BEING UNLOADED, TEX AND CHUCK WORK FEVERISHLY IN AN EFFORT TO REPAIR THE ENGINE.---



I THINK WE'VE FIXED IT, CHUCK!! A BULLET CUT THE BATTERY CABLE---



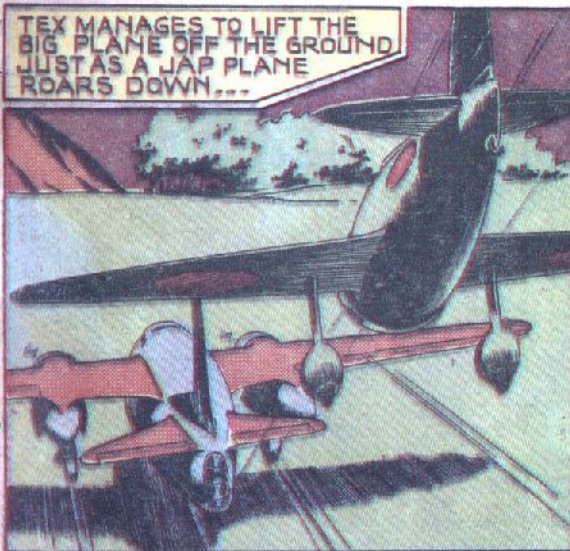
SUDDENLY, THE SARGEANT OPENS UP WITH THE TAIL GUNS!

KICK OVER THE MOTORS, TEX-- WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF-- BUT QUICK!

THOSE JAP PLANES HAVE FOUND US AGAIN!



TEX MANAGES TO LIFT THE BIG PLANE OFF THE GROUND JUST AS A JAP PLANE ROARS DOWN---



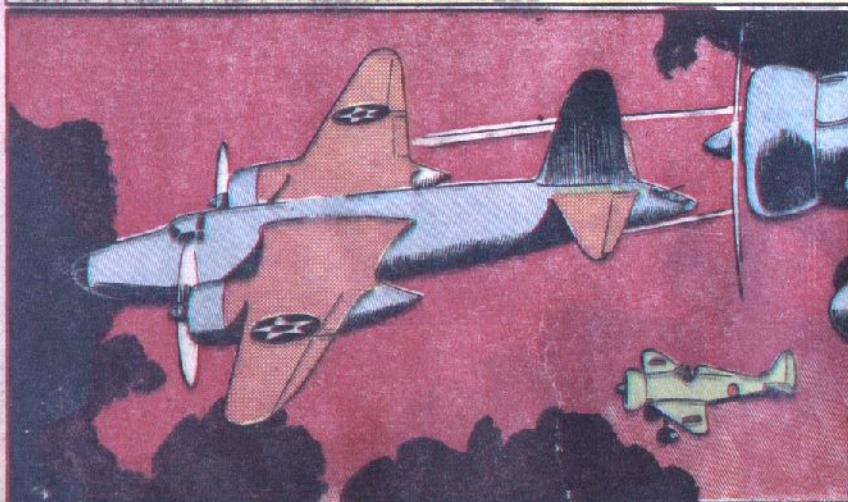
BUT THE SARGEANT'S GUN NAILS HIM ---!!



WE'RE IN THE AIR-- 'N THIS CRATE CAN WALK AWAY FROM ANY JAP CRATE NOW



WITH BOTH ENGINES WIDE OPEN, THE BOMBER QUICKLY PULLS AWAY FROM THE PURSUING JAPS ---

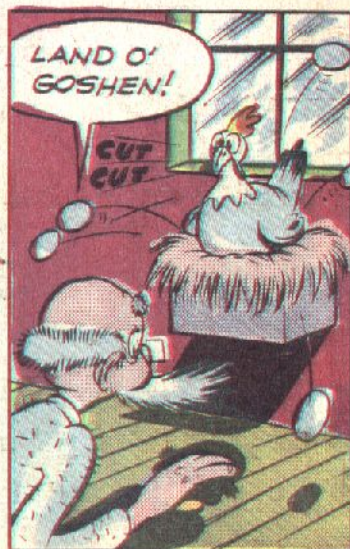


HOMeward BOUND... AND I'D LIKE TO BORROW FIVE DOLLARS FROM YOU, CHUCK, TO BUY SAM CHILDS THAT STEAK DINNER---!!

HM-M-M !!



More of Spitfire in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.



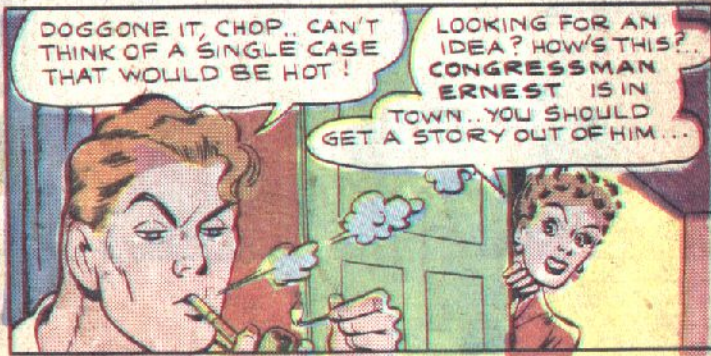


WHEN PEN MILLER, WELL KNOWN COMIC ARTIST UNCORKS HIS INDIA INK, ANOTHER OF THE MANY YARNS, BASED ON CRIMINAL CASES HE HAS SOLVED AS A FAMED AND FEARED DETECTIVE, IS IN THE MAKING BUT TODAY, ALAS, A PLOT REFUSES TO TAKE SHAPE ...

By Klags



IS HORRIBLE!
DEADLINE
DRAWS
NEAR...AND
NO STOLY!!



DOGGONE IT, CHOP.. CAN'T
THINK OF A SINGLE CASE
THAT WOULD BE HOT!

LOOKING FOR AN
IDEA? HOW'S THIS?
**CONGRESSMAN
ERNEST** IS IN
TOWN...YOU SHOULD
GET A STORY OUT OF HIM...



MISS FLIBBERTY,
I'VE TOLD YOU
TIME AND AGAIN
I DONT NEED
A SECRETARY
!!!

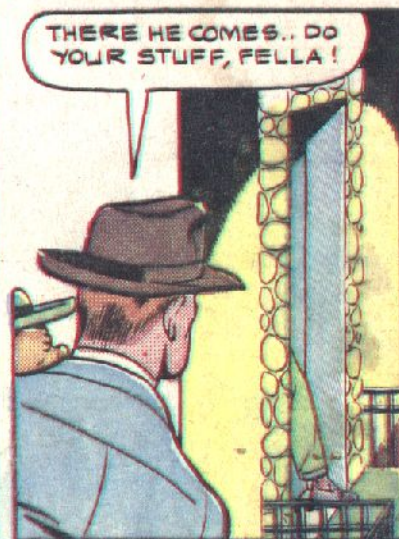


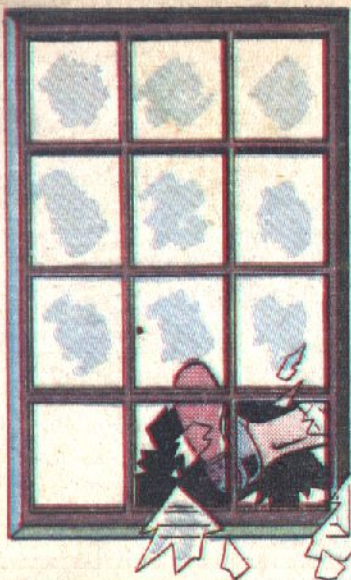
BEING ON A SPECIAL
COMMITTEE, HE HAS OODLES
OF INFORMATION
ON SUBVERSIVE
GROUPS AND
ACTIVITIES...

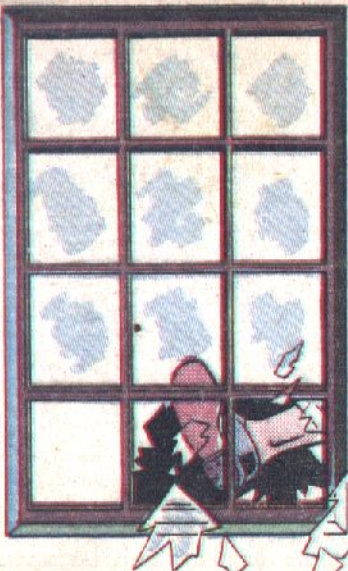
YOU DIS-
TURB MY
WORK!!
HOW CAN I
KEEP A TRAIN...
OF THOUGHT... ER
MM.... HMM....

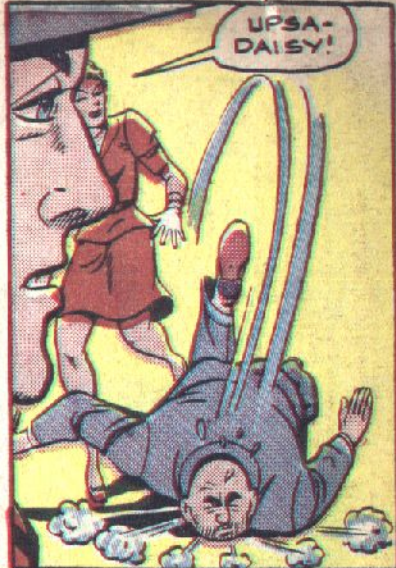


WHAT ARE WE WAITING
FOR?... WHERE'S THIS
MR. ERNEST?!









DON Q

by
VERNON
HENKEL

ENTER DON Q,
AMERICAN DIPLOMAT,
WHEREVER AXIS AGENTS
STRIKE TO WREST FROM
THE UNITED STATES
THE VITAL THINGS
SHE NEEDS !!

SOMEWHERE
IN A SMALL
SOUTH AMERICAN
COUNTRY, AN AMERICAN
ENGINEER MAKES A DISCOVERY

YOU ARE RIGHT,
MR. HALLOWAY..
IT IS TIN!.. AND
TIN IS WORTH
A FORTUNE
THESE DAYS!

WHAT DID I TELL
YOU, BEACHCOMBER, I
KNEW THERE WERE
MINERALS IN THESE HILLS..
I DISCOVERED A WHOLE
MOUNTAIN OF
TIN!

NOW, I MUST GO
QUICKLY TO PUT IN
MY CLAIM... THIS
IS ONE OF THE MOST
NEEDED METALS OF
THE UNITED NATIONS!

W-WHY ARE YOU
STANDING THERE WITH
THAT KNIFE IN YOUR
HAND... WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO ???

I AM GOING
TO KILL YOU! HA..
HA!.. YOU SEE I AM
GOING TO SELL THIS
CLAIM TO A CERTAIN
PARTY FOR A GREAT
PROFIT!

LATER...IN THE UNITED STATES...

CABLEGRAM
FOR MISS
JANE HOLLOWAY.

OH! THIS MUST
BE FROM FATHER
HE SAID HE WAS
ABOUT TO MAKE
AN IMPORTANT
DISCOVERY!!

NO!!! IT CAN'T
BE... THIS SAYS
HE WAS... KILLED
IN AN ACCIDENT..
HE... HE'S DEAD!
(SOB..)

YES... IT'S TRUE, MISS
HOLLOWAY, BUT YOUR
FATHER DISCOVERED
A HUGE TIN DEPOSIT
IN SOUTH AMERICA... I
BELIEVE I CAN HELP YOU
CLAIM THE INHERITANCE

.. BUT
WHO
ARE
YOU?

YOU MAY CALL ME
DON Q. SPECIAL AGENT
ON THE DIPLOMATIC FRONT!
I AM GOING THERE TO
SEE THAT THE WRONG PEOPLE
DON'T GET THAT TIN!!

THIS IS PIERRE, MY
SPECIAL PILOT, VALET,
AND RIGHT HAND MAN,
MISS..

PLEASE CALL
ME JANE... YOU
DIPLOMATS ARE
TOO FORMAL!

WE ARE COMING INTO
SAN MARCOS... IT ISN'T MUCH
OF A CAPITOL... BUT WHAT
ARE ALL THOSE SOLDIERS
DOING AT THE AIRPORT?!

WELL, I MUST
SAY I HARDLY
EXPECTED SUCH
A RECEPTION!
IN MY HONOR!

PLEASE!
NO RE-
CEPTION..
YOU ARE
TO COME
WITH US!

M'SIEUR
DON Q.,
I DO NOT
LIKE THEES!

WE MUST
NOT RESIST,
PIERRE..
UNTIL WE
SEE WHAT
THEY'RE
UP TO!

AH, CARLO, THE MINISTER
OF INTERIOR, I BELIEVE
YOUR PRESIDENT HAS IN-
FORMED YOU OF OUR
COMING... SHALL WE GET
DOWN TO
BUSINESS?

THERE WEEEL BE
NO BUSINEES WITH
ZE AMERICANS.. ZE
TIN DISCOVERY AFFAIR
EES CLOSED.. YOU
WEEEL LEAVE THEES
COUNTRY AT ONCE!





PIERRE! WHERE'S JANE? SHE ISN'T WITH US!

EET LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT HER!



YES, AND THAT TIN MINE, HER FATHER DISCOVERED WILL GO TO THE AXIS! WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!



THE PEOPLE OF SAN MARCOS FAVOR THEIR PRESIDENT... BUT THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH CARLO AND HIS SOLDIERS RUNNING THE SHOW... I THINK I HAVE A WAY TO RESTORE DEMOCRATIC ORDER IN THIS COUNTRY!



BUT, M'SIEUR, HOW CAN YOU RESTORE ZE DEMOCRATS BY TAKING ZIS TRIP THROUGH ZE JUNGLE??

SAN BRAZIL, THEIR NEIGHBORING COUNTRY, HAS STRAINED RELATIONS WITH THEM... I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE WIRE TAPPING!



HELLO, I WANT THE PALACE OF THE MINISTER OF INTERIOR... THIS IS THE PRESIDENTE OF SAN BRAZIL TALKING!



AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE..

WHAT? IF I DON'T RELEASE ZE AMERICAN PRISONER AND ABDICATE MY OFFICE AT ONCE, YOU'LL MARCH YOUR TROOPS INTO SAN MARCOS! HMM... SPUTT! GRR! * * * * *



NOW IF THAT DON'T START CARLOS ON THE WARPATH, HE'S YELLER THAN I THINK HE IS!

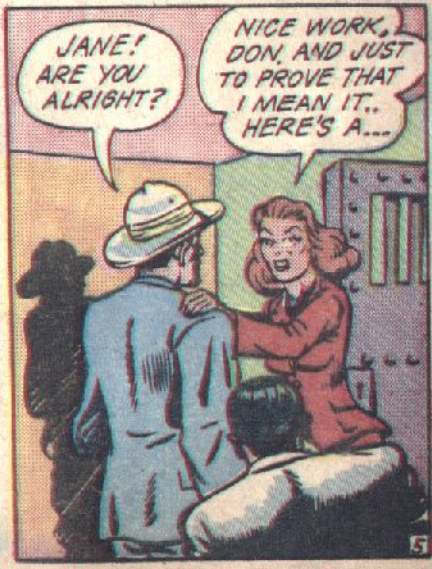


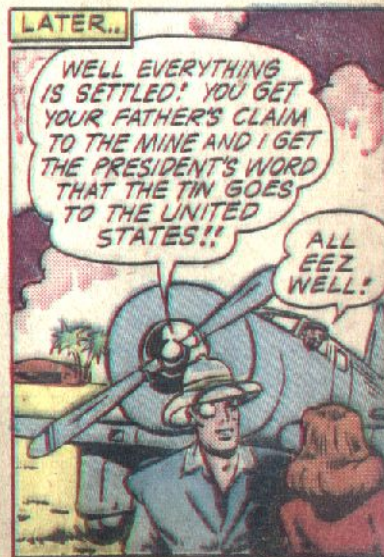
PIERRE! HERE THEY COME... A WHOLE ARMY OF THE MINISTER'S PRIZE STOOGES!



THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD THROUGH THE JUNGLE... WHEN THEY PASS... LIGHT THESE DYNAMITE FUSES!

HA! HA! THEY WEE! THEENK EET EES ZE "ENEMY" SHOOTING AT ZEM!





Read Blackhawk each and every month in **MILITARY COMICS**.

HACK O'HARA



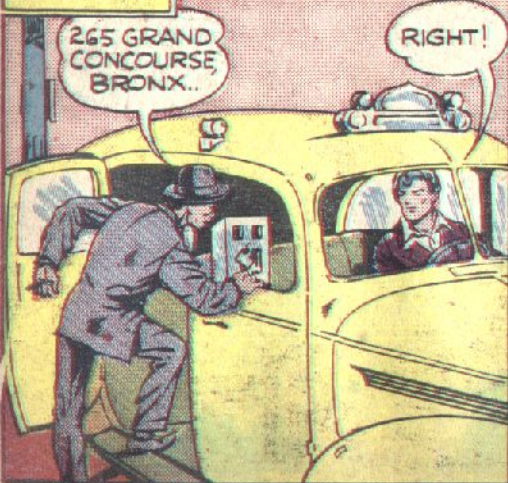
DRIVER
CAB NO. 107733

..YOUR DRIVER...
NAME... HACK O'HARA
AGE... 23
HEIGHT... 5'11"
WEIGHT... 170

HE IS CAPABLE, CONSCIENTIOUS
AND COURTEOUS, BUT LOOK OUT!
HE'S A MAGNATE FOR TROUBLE
AND IF YOU'RE
RIDING IN
HIS CAB,
YOU ARE
DUE FOR AN
ADVENTURE
!!



THIS IS WHAT WE MEAN.. YOU HAIL
HIS CAB...



265 GRAND
CONCOURSE,
BRONX...

RIGHT!

YOU STOP FOR
A RED LIGHT...



AND SUDDENLY...



OK, DRIVER,
BEAT IT
OUT OF
TOWN!

HEY!

GET
GOIN' !!

HUH?



WHO'S THIS
CREEP
BACK HERE?



THAT, GENTLEMEN, HAPPENS
TO BE MY FARE... MIND IF I
DROP HIM OFF
AT HIS HOME
IN THE
BRONX?



WHATTAYA
THINK,
JAKE?

NAW, HE'D
GO TO THE
COPS... HE
AIN'T GOIN'
HOME NO
MORE!!

GULP!



HEY!
WHERE
YA GOIN'?

JEST
TAKIN' A
SHORT CUT
OUT O'
TOWN..



THERE GOES A GUY
DOWN A ONE-WAY
STREET THE
WRONG WAY !!

WE'LL
GET
HIM!



HEY! YOU S'AP
YOU GOT THE
COPS CHASIN'
US !!

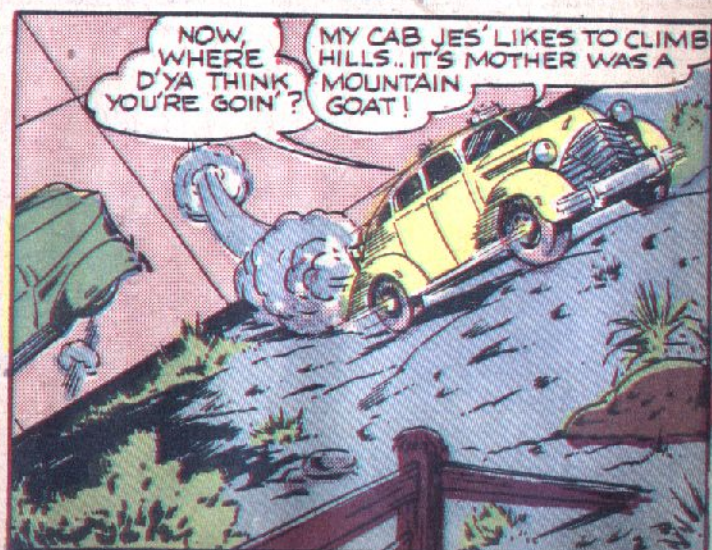
TCH
TCH!



YOU DITCH THE LAW,
SONNY OR WE'LL GIVE
THIS CREEP THE
WORKS !!

..AND YOU
WON'T BE
ABLE TO PROVE
YOU DID'NT
DO IT !!

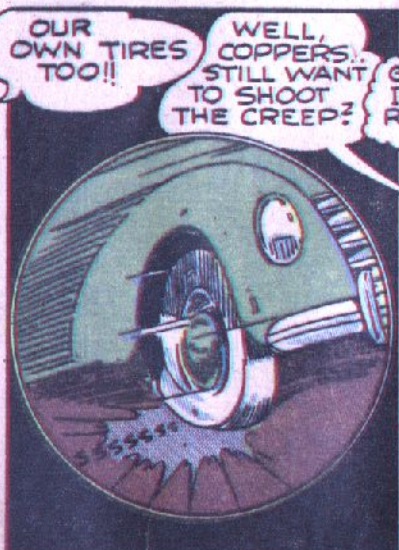
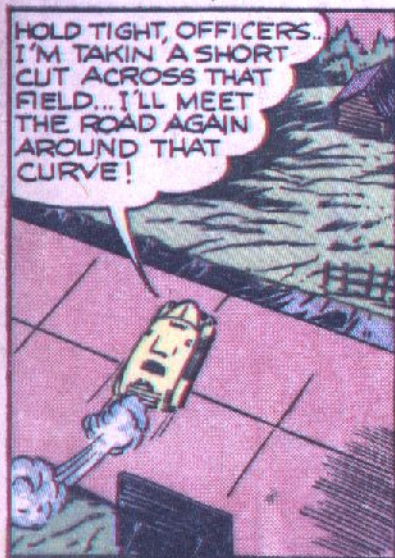
OK,
OK.!!



NOW,
WHERE
D'YA THINK
YOU'RE GOIN'?

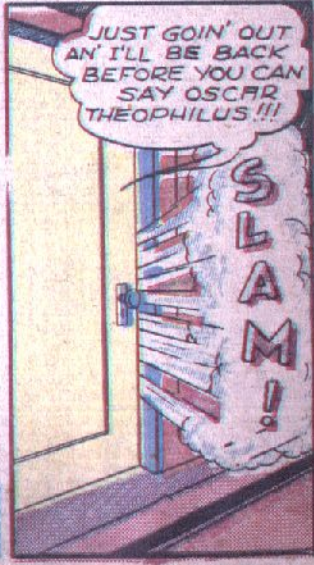
MY CAB JES' LIKES TO CLIMB
HILLS.. IT'S MOTHER WAS A
MOUNTAIN
GOAT!







The CLOCK





HMM--THAT LITTLE
VIXEN HAS SOMETHING
UP HER SLEEVE BESIDE
HER ARM---



WOOEY -- THAT
WAS CLOSE--ANYHOW
I GOT IT OUTA TH'
HOUSE!



NOW TO GO
TO SOME LONELY
NEIGHBORHOOD AND
COMPARE THIS
WITH TH' REAL
THING--



GUESS
THIS IS
DESERTED
ENOUGH--



NO ONE
COMIN'
EITHER
WAY...



I'LL UNPACK
IT BEHIND THIS
FENCE--TUM-DE
DUM DE TA--

AT THE SAME TIME, JUST
A SHORT DISTANCE FROM
WHERE BUTCH IS -----



AH--IT'S--
CLEAR---



"HEAD," LOOK--
THE D.A. --HE'S
EXCAPIN'.....

LET HIM
HAVE IT,
EIGHTBALL!



WIT'
PLEASURE!

BANG!







OKAY-TAKE
IT OFF AND LET'S
GO AFTER "THE
HEAD".

NOTHIN' DOIN'-
I'M KEEPIN'
IT ON!!



A FIRE
HYDRANT WILL
LOOK FUNNY
IN THE
MIDDLE OF
A ROOM,
BUTCH!



I'M
KEEPIN'
IT ON!



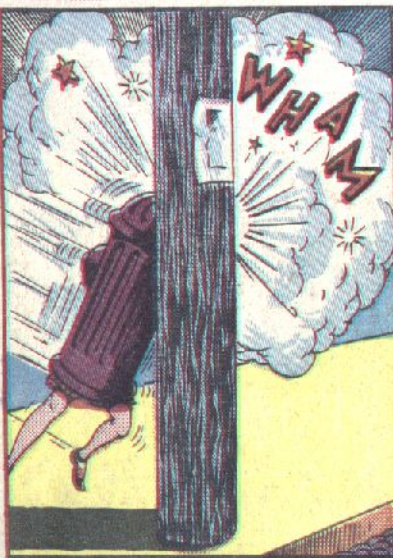
HMM-
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA-



OH, BUTCH-
THE CUTEST
LITTLE DOG IS
COMING
DOWN THE
STREET--



WHAT!-WHERE??-
LEMMIE OUTA
HERE--



WHA



I-I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT,
B-BOSS-A HYDRANT WOULD
LOOK FUNNY IN TH'
MIDDLE OF A ROOM---
LET'S GO!!



SAY, IT'S
DARK IN
HERE....



LIGHT
A MATCH,
BOSS?

CAN'T
CHANCE IT
YET, BUTCH!



LOOK!!

THE
HEAD!

GULP



YES, THE HEAD -
WHO HAS SWORN
TO DETHRONE LAW
AND ORDER AND
LET CRIME
REIGN!!

GOLLY,
BOSS, I-
I'M SCARED,
HOW
DOES
IT LIVE?

JUST A TRICK--
HIS HEAD'S THROUGH
A HOLE IN THE
WALL OR A
CURTAIN AND
THEY PLAY
A LIGHT ON
HIM - THAT'S
ALL!



QUIET - I'LL DO
THE TALKING.....WHO
ARE YOU??

THE
CLOCK!



WELL - THE CLOCK!
FEARED BY ALL EVIL -
BUT NOT BY THE HEAD!!
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE
TO UNMASK YOU AND
MAKE KNOWN
YOUR IDENTITY!



BETTER GUYS
THAN YOU HAVE TRIED
THAT, JERK!!

PSST, BOSS -
GET READY
FOR A BREAK,
I GOT MY
HANDS ON
SOMETHIN' AN
I'M LETTIN'
IT FLY--



YES - I WILL MAKE
KNOWN TO THE POLICE
WHO YOU ARE
AND RUIN YOUR
GAME.....



YA MEAN
YOU'D SQUEAL
TO THE COPS,
RAT??

YES -



SPLAT

OKAY -
HAVE A STOOL,
PIGEON!!



BULL'S EYE, BUTCH -
LET'S GET OUT IN THE
LIGHT WHERE WE
CAN FIGHT THESE
MUGS!



INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING THE CLOCK, BUTCH HIDES IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ROOM.

HURRY--



HURRY, WHERE, DOPE??

UHP!!



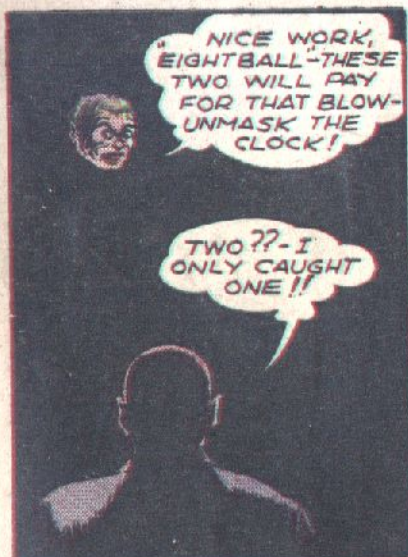
GET BACK IN THERE AGAIN, AN' NO TRICKS--



NICE WORK, EIGHTBALL--THESE TWO WILL PAY FOR THAT BLOW--UNMASK THE CLOCK!



TWO??-I ONLY CAUGHT ONE!!



LOOK AROUND THE ROOM THEN AND BE CAREFUL--I'LL KEEP THE CLOCK COVERED.



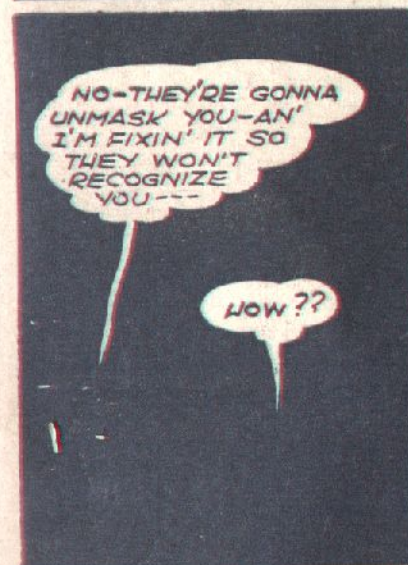
BOSS--IT'S ME--

BUTCH--GET AWAY WHILE YOU CAN--I'LL BE OKAY!



NO--THEY'RE GONNA UNMASK YOU--AN' I'M FIXIN' IT SO THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU---

NOW??



LIKE THIS!

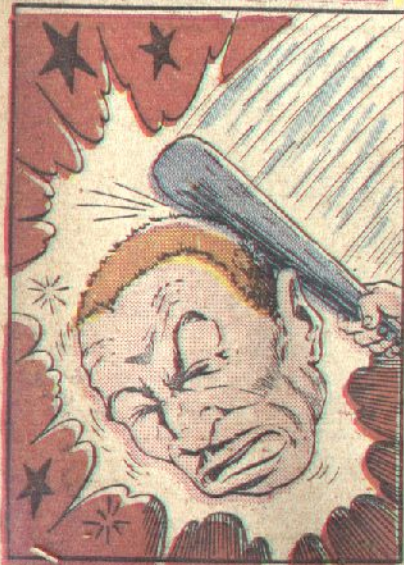


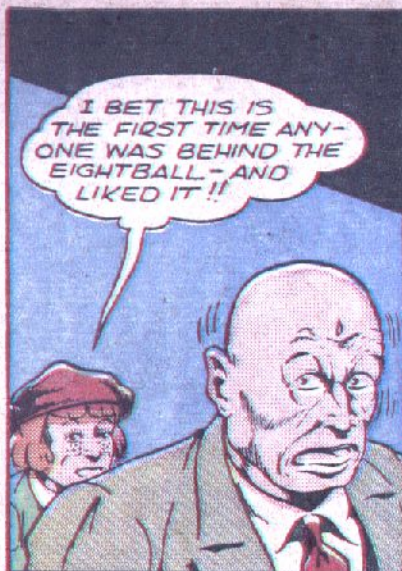
EIGHTBALL--WHAT'S THAT?--TURN ON TH' LIGHTS--QUICK!!





MEANWHILE, BUTCH IS IN
THE HALL --





Don't miss the next daring adventure of The Clock.

Molly the Model

OH, FOR MIKE'S SAKE!

THAT PHONE AGAIN!

NO! THIS IS NOT THE FOUNDLING HOME FOR FREE FRENCH POODLES -- NO!

JUST WHEN YA START RIPPIN' OFF A GRADE-A SNOOZE SOME FOOL PHONE HAS TO RING!

ANOTHER PEST!

NO! -YA WRONG-DIALIN' DOPE -- THIS AIN'T THE TAILOR, AND I DIDN'T BURN A SEAT IN NOBODY'S PANTS!

RRINNNNNING!

BUT THIS INSOMNIA SYRUP I'M SELLING --

OUTSIDE! YOU ASSASSIN OF MID-DAY SLUMBER!

SO HELP ME-- THE NEXT BORE WHO BANGS A BELL ---!

THEY AFT FER IT!

RRINNNNNING!

AND NOW THE DOOR-BELL!

(AHEM)- R.T. BUXBY'S MY NAME .. I'M-

YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK IF I HAVE MY WAY.. WAIT!

WHAT A BREAK! MR. BUXBY, THE BIG BANKER, PHONED THE STUDIO HE WAS CALLING ON FATHER TO GIVE HIM THAT HEAD-PORTERS JOB!

AND I DO HOPE DAD WAKES UP AND SHOWS SOME LIFE WHEN HE COMES!

WHAT IN THE--?

DOWN, YOU ASH CAN AVIATOR-- BEFORE I--

HOLD STILL, YOU--!

JUST BLOD BACK ANY TIME, BUD-- I'LL CATCHA

MOLLY the MODEL

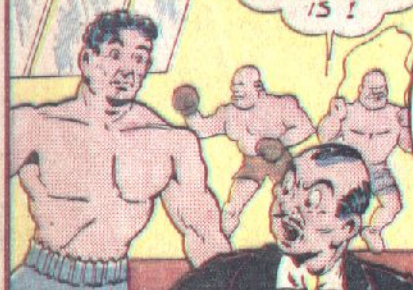
WHAT'S
WRONG,
NIFTY?
I'M IN
SWELL
SHAPE!

I'M GLAD
SOMEBODY
IS!

THAT TIN-HORN
HOTEL OF MINE IS
ATTRACTING NO MORE
TRADE THAN A BOWLING
BALL DOES DANDRUFF!

AND I
CAN'T
FIGGER
OUT
WHY!

MAYBE MOLLY
CAN HELP--
SHE'S GOT A
GOOD BUSINESS
HEAD



MOLLY?
HO-HO!
WHAT'S
WOMEN
KNOW ABOUT
BUSINESS?

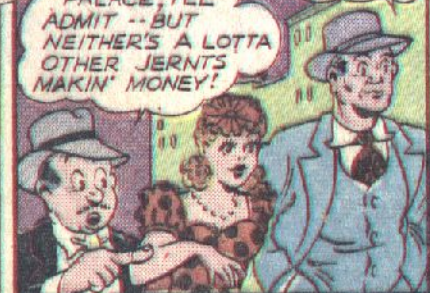
LET'S ANKLE
AROUND AND LOOK
THE PLACE OVER

HERE'S THE
PLACE!--NO
PALACE, I'LL
ADMIT--BUT
NEITHER'S A LOTTA
OTHER JERNTS
MAKIN' MONEY!

LET'S GO
INSIDE

IF YA WANNA
SEE SOMETHIN'
SAD - LOOKIT
THESE BOOKS!

I SEE SOME
THING SADDER
STILL -- WHO
IS HE?



OH, HIM. HE'S
MY PRIME ASSET--
THE SNOOTIEST
DOORMAN IN THE
WHOLE CITY

LOOK, NIFTY--GIVE
ME COMPLETE
CHARGE HERE
TODAY -- YOU'VE
NOTHING TO
LOSE!

OKAY, MOLLY--
YOU'RE THE
BOSS! WE'LL
SCRAM BACK
TO THE GYM!

LATER

SHE SAID SHE
FIRED THE
DOORMAN
AN HOUR
AGO!

WONDER
WHAT
SHE'LL
DO FIRST?



WHAT?
THE ONLY
THING OF
VALUE I'VE
GOT SHE
THROWS AWAY!

KEEP YA
SHIRT ON, NIFTY!
SHE SAYS SHE'S
GOT A NEW
ONE!

WHY.
IT'S
MOLLY!

YEAH--
AND
BUSINESS
SEEMS T'BE
PICKIN'
UP A
BIT,
TOO!



Enjoy Molly The Model in each issue of CRACK COMICS.

YANKEE Guerrilla!

AT LAST!

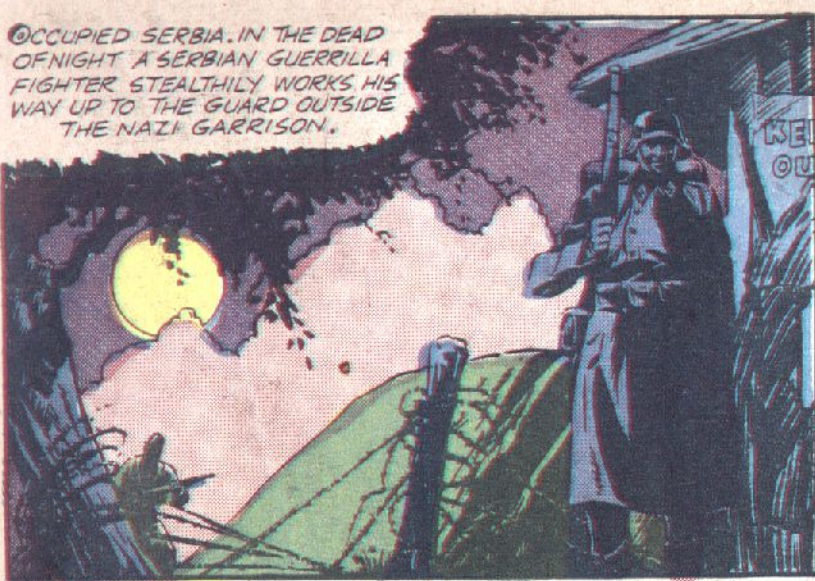
THE
STORY OF
A MIGHTY
WARRIOR
WHOSE
DARING
EXPLOITS
LIVE AS AN
INSPIRATION
IN THE HEARTS
OF A
CONQUERED
NATION.

THE TALE OF
AN AMERICAN
WHOSE LOVE
FOR
FREEDOM
KNOWS NO
BOUNDS--

SMUGGLED
OUT OF A
SWASTIKA
HOUSED
LAND, COMES
THE SAGA OF
THE
**YANKEE
GUERRILLA!**



OCCUPIED SERBIA. IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT A SERBIAN GUERRILLA FIGHTER STEALTHILY WORKS HIS WAY UP TO THE GUARD OUTSIDE THE NAZI GARRISON.



THE NAZI HEAD IS NOT AS HARD AS HIS HEART!

SWIFTLY, THE SERBIAN CHETNIK MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE GARRISON SUPPLY ROOM.



AHHH, SO THE NAZIS ARE GOING TO SHIP SUPPLIES TO LAGREB. I'LL TAKE A FEW MACHINE GUNS AND WAIT AT THE DRINA ROAD.

SUDDENLY, THE BLINDING GLARE OF A FLASHLIGHT, AND A TERSE COMMAND...



HALTEN!

YOU DIRTY NAZIS, ARE GOING TO GET A TASTE OF YOUR OWN STEEL!



ACH! OOOHH!

ONE ARMED SERBIAN IS WORTH A HUNDRED NAZI SWINE!



KILL HIM. FOOLS!

HIMMEL! HE IS FASTER THAN LIGHT!



LONG LIVE THE SERBIAN GUERRILLA FORCES!

AFTER HIM, MEN, OR THE COMMANDER WILL SKIN US ALIVE!



QUICKLY, THE DARING CHETNIK RACES DOWN THE DARK ROAD.

THEY'RE GAINING ON ME. AHHH, THE TAVERN-- IF A GOOD SERB OWNS IT, HE'LL HIDE ME!

WHILE, INSIDE THE TAVERN, FRANKLIN DARROW, SPECIAL AMERICAN SECRET-SERVICE AGENT CHATS WITH THE OWNER...



KARL... YOU
SPLENDID
PEOPLE ARE
PUTTING UP
A GREAT
FIGHT!

AH... YES... BUT WE
NEED BRAVE AND
RESOURCEFUL
LEADERS, MY
FRIEND!



CHETNICK
WHAT'S
WRONG?

AHHH, A FRIEND OF
FREE SERBIA! NAZIS,
THEY'RE AFTER ME
AND COMING THIS
WAY!



IN A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM
WE ARE ALL BROTHERS.
SIT DOWN, MY FRIEND.
BARTENDER, TWO
DRINKS!



THANK YOU,
AMERICAN!

SHHH, THE
NAZIS
ENTER!



THAT LOOKS
LIKE HIM--
THE ONE AT
THE TABLE!

GRAB
THE
SWINE!



STAND YOUR
GROUND, YOU
POLISHED
BOOT!

WHO DARES
INSULT THE
GESTAPO
POLICE?



I AM, BARON
VON SHMEAR,
IN CHARGE OF
THE LABOR
BRIGADE...
THIS MAN IS
MY FOREMAN

HMM! WE
WILL CHECK
WITH THE
GESTAPO AND
IF YOU ARE
LYING...



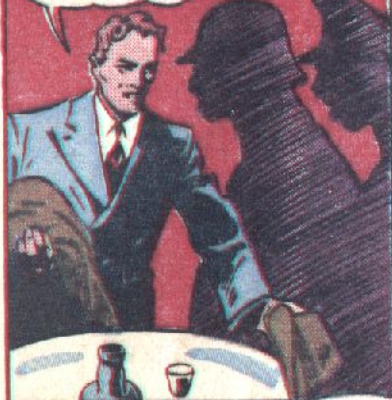
WHEN THE NAZIS HAVE GONE.
YOU HAVE
DONE THE
PEOPLE OF
SERBIA A
GREAT SERVICE.

YES... I'LL HAVE
TO LEAVE NOW,
BEFORE MY
TRUE MISSION
IS FOUND
OUT!

BUT THE NAZI OFFICER IS NOT SO EASILY FOOLED...



I'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE BEFORE THOSE NAZIS START THINKING...



YOU'LL GO NOWHERE!

I HAVE DECIDED IT WOULD BE MOST UNWISE TO LEAVE YOU BY YOURSELF, BARON... .. WILL YOU PLEASE JOIN US?

IN THAT CASE, THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO, BUT...



OKAY, RATZI, THE WAR'S ON



TRY AGAIN, SUCKER!



ACH HIMMEL! I KILLED THE LIEUTENANT!

THE PRISONER ESCAPES-- KILL HIM!



SORRY, BOYS, BUT I'VE GOT SOME SPECIAL BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

THERE!.. THAT TAKES CARE OF THE NAZI MUNITIONS DUMP!



FINE WORK MY FRIEND, MY COUNTRY WILL BE MOST GRATEFUL!

WHY IT'S MY FRIEND, THE SERBIAN!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. COME I WILL SHOW YOU THE ROAD TO GENERAL MIKHAILOVICH'S GUERRILLA ARMY. HE WILL SEE THAT YOU GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY.



BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, AREN'T YOU COMING?

GENERAL MIKHAILOVICH NEEDS SUPPLIES--AND I AM GOING TO SEE THAT HE GETS THEM. THERE IS THE PATH MY FRIEND AND GOOD LUCK!

A SHORT WHILE LATER NAZI SUPPLY TRUCKS CLIMB THE STEEP DRINA PASS.

THE BRAVE CHETNIK PREPARES TO PLAY A LONE HAND.



WRENCH ON THE WHEEL...

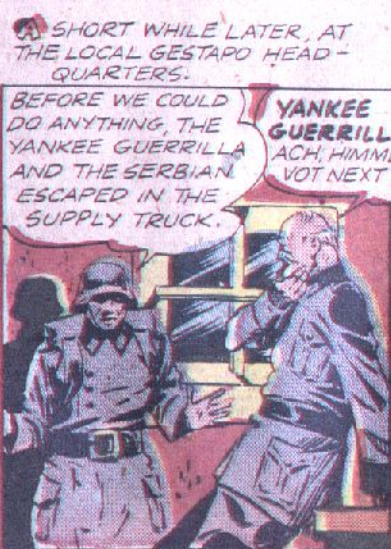
...AND THE SUPPLY TRUCK IS STALLED ON AN EMBANKMENT BLOCKING THE ROAD.



BUT SUDDENLY A SHOT IS HEARD AND A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS...



THE NAZIS RECOVER FROM THE SURPRISE ATTACK AND PREPARE TO STRIKE BACK.



Bill The Magnificent starts in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

TERROR TRAIL

ERIC VALE awoke from a sound sleep very suddenly. Too suddenly. Something had disturbed him. But what? He got out of bed quietly and slipped on his robe. In the right pocket his hand felt the cold frame of his revolver, and several tiny pellets—paralysis bombs, one of which, broken, would put a dozen people to sleep almost instantly. His own invention, those pellets.

Eric stepped to the big window and drew back the heavy drapes. The Florida night was sylvan, silent. Tampa had folded for the night. There was not a car on the street below.

"Mebbe I'm just nuts," he said to the night. "Getting jumpy as an old maid."

But he knew better than that; he didn't awake from a sound sleep without cause. He had trained himself that way.

The phone buzzed softly. Eric lifted the receiver. A thick, obviously muffled voice hammered into his ear:

"Vale?"

"That's right. Who's this?"

"Never mind. Just wanta tip ya off, bud. You get outa town before noon tomorrow, or else they'll find yer carcass floatin' in the bay!" The phone went dead. Eric rattled the connection.

"Desk," said the sleepy night clerk.

"Get me the police station!" Eric barked. "Hurry—I want that call traced!"

In a moment Chief Holmes of the Tampa police said, "Hello."

"This is Vale, Chief. I just got a screwy phone call at my hotel—a warning for me to scam town by noon tomorrow, or else! Trying to trace the call now."

"Interesting," replied the chief. "Let me know if you have any

luck . . . and, Vale, see you in the morning at any rate, eh?"

Eric hung up. And almost instantly the phone buzzed again. It was the clerk.

"That call came from a pay station on South Eden Road, Mr. Vale—an all-night filling station."

"Thanks," said Eric. "Order my car, please."

It took Eric just six minutes to dress, rush out of the hotel and jump into his car. He was permitted a siren, but he didn't use it. The streets were deserted at this hour. As he sped along at seventy, his mind went back over the Tampa killings which had shocked the entire nation. Three prominent political leaders of the city had been bumped off in the past two weeks. The authorities had summoned Eric to try and run down the murderers.

"Well, guess they know I'm on their trail," he said. "Or, rather, I haven't found their trail yet."

He had driven five miles and was nearing the South Eden Road filling station. He whipped the big roadster into the canopied space before the rows of pumps. A yawning attendant came out.

"Help you, sir?"

Eric flashed his badge. Then he asked the youth for a description of the person who had used the phone during the last few minutes.

"Well," said the attendant, "I had quite a few customers in the past half hour. One of 'em was a truck driver from the Southern Freight Lines—he used the phone."

"That all?" Eric wanted to know.

"Yeah—no, wait! A guy used it right after that. I don't remember what he looked like, but he was driving a green coupe, dunno the make."

"You sure you don't recall the man's features?" Eric asked. "Try hard, boy."

The youth scratched his jaw reflectively. "Gosh, mister, I guess you have me there."

Eric said, "The truck driver—what about him?"

"Pete Collins. I know him well. Stops here every night an' calls his office. . . . Sorry, mister, I can't remember the other one."

"Thanks," Eric started his motor and pulled out on the highway. Not a lot to go on. He'd check the truck driver, Collins, just in case. It was a cinch the gangster wouldn't use that phone again.

Eric drove to headquarters and reported to Chief Holmes.

"Yeah," said the latter. "As you say, not very much to go on. But you got to dig up something, Vale. You always do."

"Thanks, Chief," grinned Eric. "Hope your confidence isn't misplaced."

That night, Cyrus Lanahan, wealthy chairman of the Tampa Utilities Board, was shot while entering his palatial home on the west side. And then, in the early morning hours, a huge trailer-truck belonging to the Vance Lumber Company, was overturned on a lonely road, burned, and the driver killed.

Holmes was beside himself. The District Attorney started lambasting the police department. The newspapers took up the cry. Mayor Cryder made a hurried call on Chief Holmes.

"Something must be done, Holmes. No one is safe on the streets here any more. Even if we must import outside help—"

"Eric Vale is already on the job," barked Holmes. "He's the greatest detective we have today!"

About two p.m. that afternoon, the plane in which Mayor Cryder was flying to Miami crashed right after the takeoff, killing nine passengers and the two pilots.

Sabotage! Spy activities! The insidious cries rose from horror-stricken residents of Tampa. These were no mere gang killings; something far deeper, more desperate, was behind it all. But what?

Eric had tried to find a motive for the crimes, but thus far he could make neither head nor tail

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of it. That there was something monstrous behind the thing he was certain. Fifth column activities? Could be. But what was the prize?

The police were running around in circles. Finding a clue was like trying to find the proverbial needle in the haystack. Eric flew out over the Gulf one afternoon, with no definite idea in mind. He liked to fly. But he kept his eyes open. He headed out about twenty miles and glided down from ten thousand to three. Then he saw it. A long grayish cigar-shaped object was floating on the choppy surface of the Gulf.

"Holy smoke!" he gasped. "A sub! Sure as my name is Vale, that's a sub! Now what the devil is it doing out here? Ah!"

The conning tower opened and two sailors climbed out on deck. Eric trained his glasses on them.

"Nazis!" he gasped. "A Nazi sub!"

He wheeled his ship and was slipping on full speed toward shore when the shrill scream of an anti-aircraft shell sped past him. Two more shots followed, dangerously close.

"Scram, Vale!" he cried to himself. "They're getting too hot for health!"

Eric's report of the sub's presence electrified Tampa. Subchasers sped away on the hunt. Army and Navy fliers took up the chase from the air. But they didn't sight the U-boat.

It was two days later that Eric spotted something suspicious in a marsh near the waterfront. He had followed two men from a dive; who had been talking in low tones. One had mentioned an expected radio message.

"Radio, eh?" said Eric to himself. "What radio? Where?" Maybe this was something; he'd tail the two chaps. They led him to the marsh, then abruptly disappeared. He plunged into the ooze, making as little noise as was possible. He could hear the two men ahead of him, wading through the slimy water. Then he saw a shack. The two chaps entered it. Eric waited in the tall reeds, noting the looped aerial on top of the shack. A short-wave sending station! Spies!

That night, on Eric's tip-off, the police raided the shack. But

the radio was gone; at least it was demolished. Somehow the men must have got wind of the raid.

J. Elmer Glover, head of the FBI, was scheduled to make a radio address from the Tampa Community Hall that evening at eight. The public was invited. Eric decided to be there. This would be a fine opportunity for someone to pick off the head of the G-men. And there was little doubt that the gang would make the attempt; they had bumped off several members of the force in the last few weeks.

There were close to three thousand persons on hand for the talk. Eric had a seat far in the back, where he could watch everything.

Glover came out on the rostrum about eight-five. After the applause, he launched into his talk. His men had discovered several clues as to the identity of the leader of the gang, and their orders were to run the whole mob to earth in the next few days. Cheers.

As Glover talked, he mopped his face. Then he picked up a glass of water. But the glass never reached his lips. With a groan he toppled over and lay still on the rostrum.

Eric leaped to his feet and sped down the aisle. There was not a mark on J. Glover. His face was ghastly gray, his eyes open. He was dead!

Eric made a thorough exam-

ination of everything on the rostrum. Had the man been poisoned? The coroner arrived and Eric ordered an autopsy. In an hour he had the medical report: no traces of poison had been found in Glover.

Then what—

Eric hurried back to the hall just as the public address men were dismantling the radio. He ordered them to wait. He made a careful examination of the mike and its supporting stand. Then he found it. A tiny tube reached from the base of the stand into the mike, following the course of the wire. Eric sniffed at the mike. No odor. But in the base of the stand he found a tiny mechanism with a clockwork device capable of compressing a small rubber bulb.

"So that's it!" he said. "Poison gas driven through the mike into the speaker's face. Clever!"

One of the radio men had been edging away. Now he whipped out a gun, but he was too slow. Eric got the drop on him as he stumbled preparatory to running out of the building.

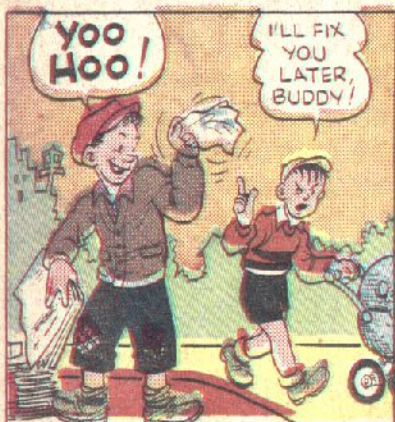
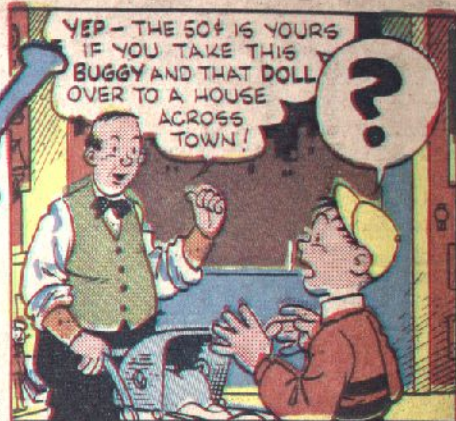
"Wait, you!" he shouted.

Back at headquarters the man talked, turned State's evidence to save himself. He named every member of the gang—organized as a sabotage crew by Nazi authority. In three days the entire mob was rounded up. But by that time the incredible young Eric Vale was on his way to bust another great crime ring.

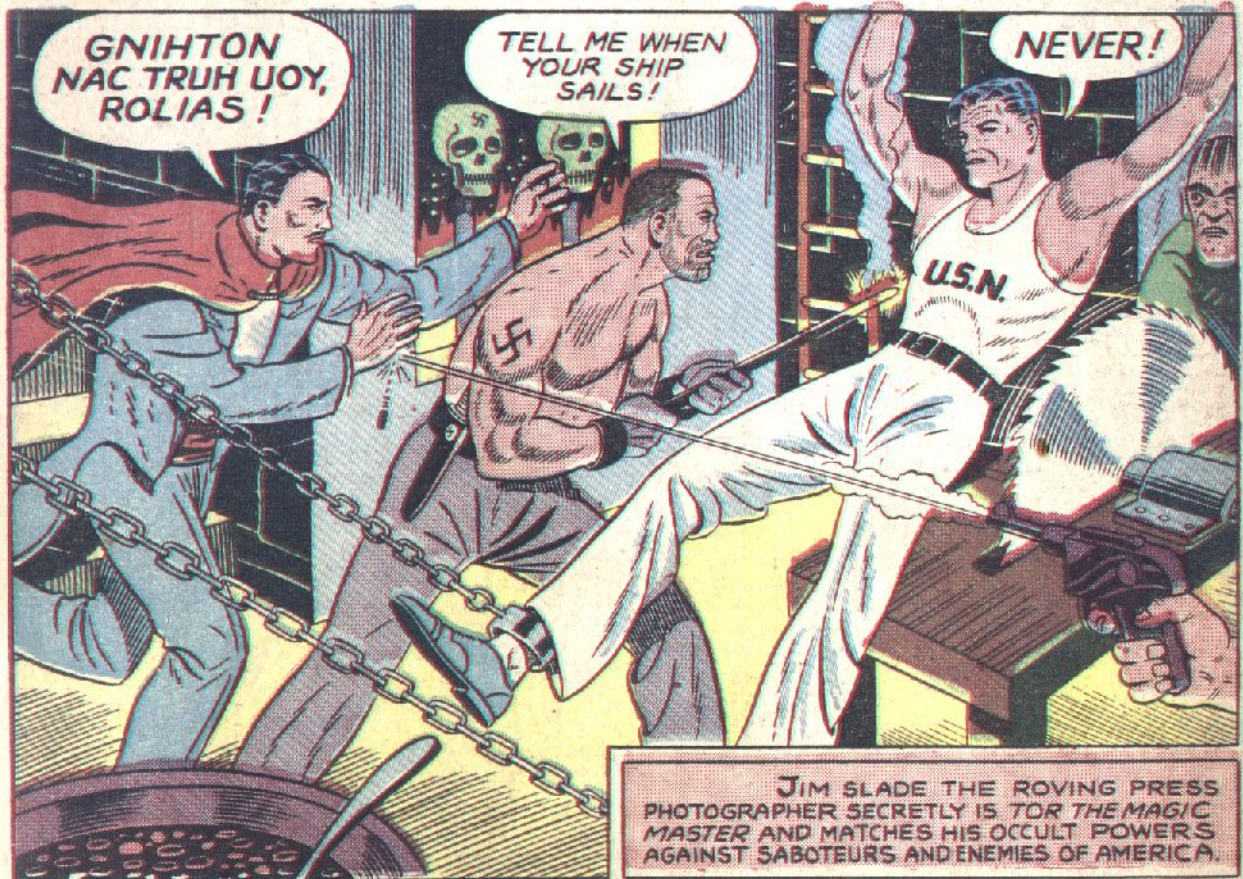


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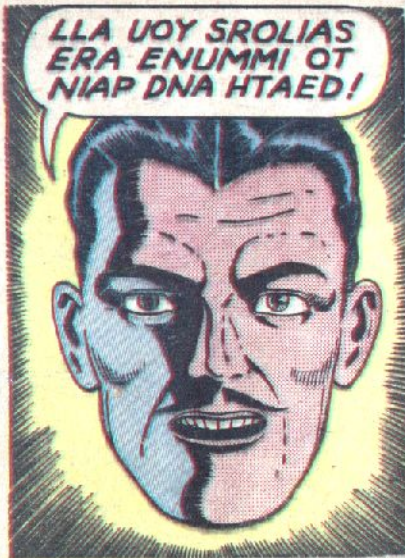


JIM SLADE THE ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER SECRETLY IS TOR THE MAGIC MASTER AND MATCHES HIS OCCULT POWERS AGAINST SABOTEURS AND ENEMIES OF AMERICA.

IN SEARCH OF A PICTURE STORY JIM SLADE WANDERS ALONG DOCK STREET.









QUICKLY THE SAILORS DASH UPSTAIRS AND SMASH INTO THE BARROOM!



NACIREMA
STAR, OD RUOY
YTUD!

IMMEDIATELY SCORES OF RATS
POUR OUT OF THE GUN!

C'MON,
FELLOW RODENTS,
WE GOTTA HELP
TOR!

AAGH!

WE'LL GET THE NAZIS
IN THE CELLAR,
TOO!

TIME FOR
ME TO BE
SLADE AGAIN!

I'M
CALLIN'
TH' COPS!

W-WHAT!

HEY-
YOU-

EVEN US AMERICAN RATS
HAVE OUR PRIDE! IN THE BAR
IS A BUNCH OF NAZI RATS WHO
HAVE BEEN TORTURING NAVAL
INFORMATION FROM AMERICAN
SAILORS! GET RID OF
THOSE RATS!

I'M GOIN' NUTS - RATS
CAN'T TALK, BUT I'M CALLIN'
THE WAGON FOR THOSE
NAZIS - I MUST BE SEEING
THINGS!

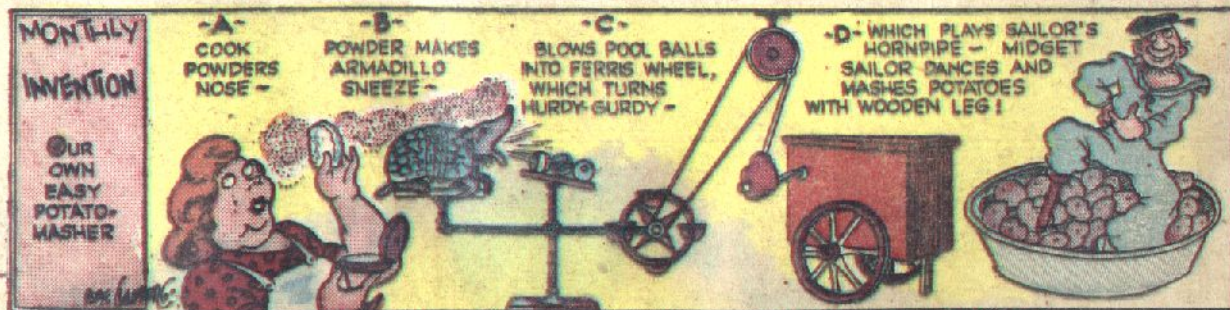
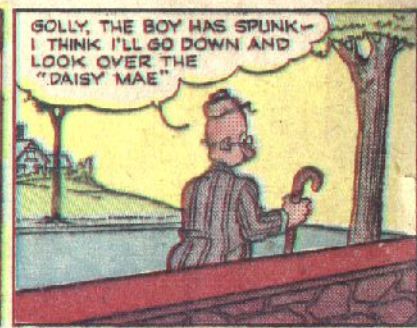
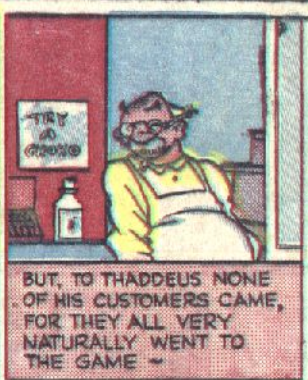
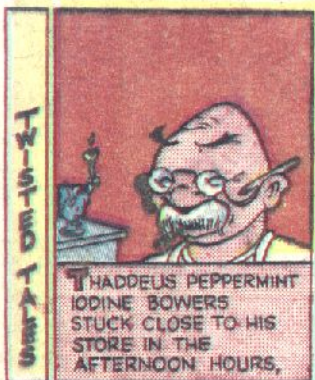
ZUM

NO YOU'RE NOT -
I HAVE PICTURES
TO PROVE IT!

SLADE!
WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
ALL THESE
GOINGS ON?

WELL, I GUESS
TOR'S BEEN
OUT SPY
HUNTING!

TOR, THE
MAGIC
MASTER-HE
SURE HAS A
BAG OF
TRICKS!



Enjoy Rube Goldberg's Side Show each month in CRACK COMICS.

Alias the SPIDER

by Paul Gustavson

FROM MAN'S BEGINNING AND FAR INTO ETERNITY MAN HAS HUNTED AND WILL HUNT. ONE MAN CHOOSES THE FIERCEST AND MOST CUNNING OF ALL GAME... CRIMINALS BEYOND THE FAR-REACHING ARM OF THE LAW! THIS INDIVIDUALIST IS TOM HALLAWAY—ALIAS THE SPIDER.

ARTHUR C. CLARK, MILLIONAIRE BUSINESS TYCOON STEPS OUT OF HIS STUDY ONTO THE TERRACE OF HIS PALATIAL MANSION. SUDDENLY, THE SHRUBBERY NEARBY MOVES... CLARK TURNS... BUT BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE CLOAKED FORM SPRINGING UPON HIM, A CRASHING BLOW ON THE HEAD DROPS HIM TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS!

INTO THE BUSHES YOU GO!! THEN IN A MINUTE, THEY'LL BE NO MORE ARTHUR C. CLARK... IN ONE SENSE!



NOW TO GIVE HIM THIS HYPO IN A VITAL SPOT BEHIND HIS EAR AND MY JOB WILL BE FINISHED!



HARDLY A SECOND AFTER THE HYPODERMIC IS INJECTED INTO CLARK, A TERRIFYING CHANGE IN HIM BEGINS TO TAKE PLACE...



SOME TIME LATER, THE BUTLER ANSWERS A PERSISTENT KNOCK AT THE DOOR...



JAMESON - CALL THE POLICE! SOMEONE HIT ME OVER THE HEAD OUT THERE AND THREW ME OFF THE TERRACE!

UH!



WELL-? DON'T STAND THERE STARING AT ME AS IF I WERE A CIRCUS FREAK- DO AS I SAY!

Y-Y-YES S-SIR!

Y-YES... A MANIAC WHO THINKS HE'S MASTER CLARK! H-HE'S IN THE STUDY NOW!



KEEP AWAY FROM HIM - I'LL HAVE A FEW SQUAD CARS OVER IN TWO SHAKES!



THERE HE IS!

OKAY, BOYS - RUSH HIM!



WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



PAT!... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY??



GOOD HEAVENS!

CLARK SEES HIMSELF IN A MIRROR!



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME-- MY FACE, MY FORM... PAT- IT'S ME, YOUR FATHER! PAT!



THE IDENTITY OF THE BODY FOUND IN A BURNED MUSEUM WAS REVEALED AS A.C. CLARK, THROUGH A WATCH DISCOVERED IN THE CHARRED WRECKAGE. THE MANIAC THINKING HIMSELF A.C. CLARK IS HELD AT THE JAIL PENDING ACTION AS TO



I DON'T LIKE LETTING YOU IN HERE ALONE WITH HIM!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



JOHN! THANK GOODNESS SOMEONE HAS COME TO HELP ME!



JOHN, YOU'RE MY BROTHER... GET THE BEST DOCTORS IN THE COUNTRY HERE! I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME!



YOU- MY BROTHER P NO! MY BROTHER WAS A VERY POWERFUL MAN. NOT A MEEK, PLEADING PERSON LIKE YOU! HE ASKED FAVORS FROM NO ONE! HEH-HEH! WHY HE THREW ME OUT PENNILESS, BECAUSE WE DISAGREED ON SOME TRIVIAL POINT!



YOU DEVIL! YOU'VE DONE THIS TO ME!

SHERIFF- HELP!



I HAD A FEELING THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

HE SHOULD BE PUT IN A STRAIGHT JACKET AND LOCKED IN A PADDED CELL!

THAT NIGHT, AS JOHN CLARK RETURNS TO HIS FURNISHED ROOM.

A LETTER FROM MY BROTHER'S LAWYER! WHAT TH? WHY THE @*!#!#—HE'S LEFT. CHANGED HIS WILL AND LEFT EVERYTHING TO HIS DAUGHTER, PAT!



JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW A DARING FIGURE WATCHES JOHN CLARK STORM OUT OF HIS ROOM...IT'S THE SPIDER!

THAT PHONEY LETTER DID THE TRICK! I MAY BE WRONG, BUT HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE TO STRIKE AT PAT!



YOU DON'T KNOW IT, CLARK, BUT THE DECK OF CARDS IS STACKED FROM NOW ON!

THERE'S ONLY ONE HITCH IN THE SET UP.... THE PERSON WHO CLARK HAS TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK! IF IT'S THE ONE I THINK IT IS, I'LL PROVE THAT HIS BROTHER IS ALIVE... EVEN IF HE ISN'T HIMSELF!



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE SILENT "BLACK WIDOW"... SPEEDY CAR OF THE SPIDER STREAKS UP TO THE CLARK MANSION.



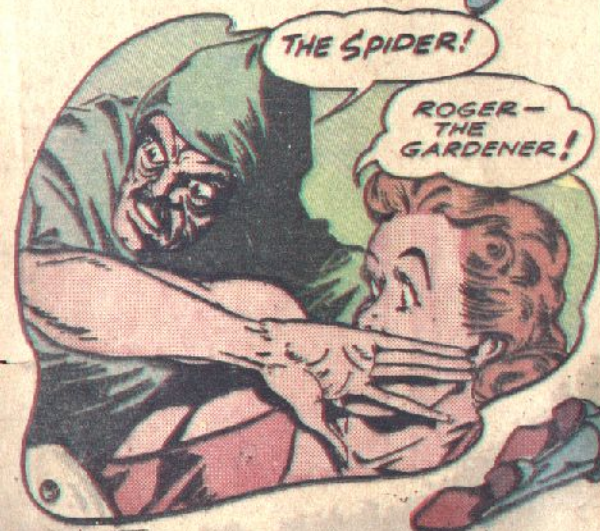
CLARK'S DAUGHTER'S ROOM MUST BE THIS ONE UP HERE!



UH—THE SPIDER!



DON'T BE ALARMED! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR TONIGHT, WHO I'D LIKE TO MEET! SOMEONE WHO PLANS TO DO AWAY WITH YOU AS HE DID YOUR FATHER!



SO THIS TIME YOU'RE A GARDENER? PRETTY CLEVER, THE WAY YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR OWN APPEARANCE WITH THAT HYPO OF YOURS, AS WELL AS SOMEONE ELSE'S.



SINCE YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR LOOKS FROM TIME TO TIME, THERE MUST BE AN ANTIDOTE! I WANT IT FOR A.C. CLARK!



I'M SURE YOU WOULD— BUT I HAVE IT NOW, SEE, I TRUST NO ONE, SO I'M MAKING SURE DR. MONK DOESN'T CHANGE HIS MIND AND BRING A.C. CLARK BACK AGAIN!



WHILE YOU WERE UPSTAIRS — MUFFING THIS JOB, DR. MONK, I WAS GOING THROUGH YOUR BOOKS AND FOUND OUT JUST WHERE TO INJECT THE HYPO! TOO BAD THAT IT'S SUCH A SIMPLE TRICK — OTHERWISE I MIGHT HAVE NEEDED YOU!



WHY YOU---
UH...



BANG!

FUNNY THING, BUT I DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE IT THIS TIME — BUT — I GUESS WHEN SOMEONE'S IN THE RIGHT, EVEN BULLETS WON'T STOP THEM. WELL, C'MON PAT — THIS LITTLE BOTTLE AND A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE IS GOING TO BRING YOU YOUR FATHER BACK!

LEAVING DR. MONK AND THE SPIDER WHERE THEY FELL, JOHN CLARK MOVES FOR PAT...

SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS, PAT — I ALWAYS LIKED YOU AS A NIECE!

HELP!



UH—



Alias The Spider will give you more thrills in the next issue.